

(1)

A

NEW YEARS GIFT TO HIS MAJESTY,

On His Gracious

DECLARATION FOR Liberty of Conscience.

AS when of Old, the God-head was invoked
 By Sacrifice, and smoking Temples smoked.
 When the Crown'd Victory did on Altars lie,
 And Odours mounted to Perfume the Skie.
 We pay'd Heav'n Off'rings in the Blood we pour'd,
 But from those Blessings, which it self had show'd;
 The Rams, the Bulls, and Lambs, were but a Feast,
 From Heav'n's own Plenty, which our Earth had Bless'd:
 Incense and Fragrant Gums, alas, no more
 Than what their own kind Sun had sent before;
 As then to Heaven, to Heav'n's Vicegerent now,
 With the same thankful Gratitude we bow.
 The Zeal which does our Loyal Bosoms Fire,
 Is but that warmth which his own Beams inspire.
 Our Joys the Seeds his Clemency has sown,
 Whil'st all the Mighty Harvest is his own.
 Three New Born Years, with all the Rich increase,
 Of lasting Happiness, and flowing Peace
 Have run their shining Empiræan round;
 Since fair *Astrea* in Great **JAMES** was Crown'd:
 Monarch like **JAMES**, the Scepter never bore,
 All Hearts till now, were never charm'd before;
 Empire of late did partial Favours shour,
 Some felt the smiles, and some the Scourge of Power:

Religion

Religion then stood, Arm'd with Teeth and Claws,
 With all her sanguin Tangles of Laws ;
 Then Holy Zeal with haughty Pride was fill'd,
 And her Church-State with Chains and Jayls upheld,
 Full Gorged with Spoils, the Ravenous Wanton lay,
 And in her Talions grasp'd the weaker Prey.
 This JAMES beheld, pittyng the opprest,
 His sacred Goodness, warm'd his Royal Breast
 The Charm dissolved, Religions Tyrant Yoke,
 And all the Manacles of Conscience broke ;
 Whilst Pride and Cruelty to Confusion hurl'd,
 He cut the Gordian Knot to win the World.

So in the Walls of Paradise of Old,
 One Fence the Leopard, and the Lamb could hold :
 Then Innocence ne're sigh'd, nor Weakness Groan'd,
 Savage and Wild, were Names of the Infant World down'd
 Such Nature in her Noage was, nor are
 The long-flown Golden Minutes fled so far ;
 But Mighty JAMES resolved, sit down to Write
 Due Copys from the Original so bright.
 The Strong and Weak, one Mutual Tye shall joyn,
 Sacred the Union, and the Bond Divine
 The Thorns no more, shall tender Foot-steps Gall ;
 But his whole World, one Floury Eden all
 Meet then the happy Senate of the Land,
 And the Great JAMES, his Dureous Champions stand.
 Joyn all your help to aid the Mighty Birth,
 And bring the Labouring Joves Minerva forth.
 Assist the Glorious Founders Hand, bring you
 The Comment, and the Rich Materials too ;
 By which the great Imperial Architect,
 The Royal Fiat may that Pile Erect ;
 Under whose Roof, your selves and Heirs may rest,
 With endless Peace, to endless Worlds possist.

With Allowance.



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